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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

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Dr. J. J. Daniels

Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

Lucille Love

(Continued from Page 2.)

Strained shadows of straw, his long, black hair waving gracefully to his shoulders, the man made an impressive figure as he fastened steady, undeviating eyes upon her window until she was positive he was looking at her for a purpose. Low voices hummed in conversation, then the man appeared before her, offering his arm.

"Senior Loubeque sent me that I might escort you about the grounds, might place myself at your disposal," he murmured.

Lucille drew away from him at mention of his master, but something in the meaning eyes behind the mask reassured her and she moved out into the patio. Here they passed Thompson, whose eyes darted a message of suspicion at them.

"He thinks all is not right," said the man quietly when they were out of sight. "Well," he added, with a low sigh, "he is right in his suspicion. I could not hope to fool that man. Only a little less wise is he than Hugo himself."

"Not right! Then you have come to help me?"

"I have come," he answered quietly, "because I could not help coming. I have come because since first I looked upon you you will forgive me—there in the city home of Hugo, when I looked upon your face I have seen no other. I have come because I could not stay away. I have come against the will of the man to whom I owe everything, the man I love, because you called me, because—"

She touched his arm lightly with her fingers in mute appeal. Her woman's instinct told her that such a love as this might be turned to account.

Slowly they wandered through the beautiful gardens, speaking of what they saw, yet never touching upon the

or swirly, her hands reaching toward her neck and unfastening the ruby necklace. "Here, my friend, take this. It is all I have to give except my gratitude. Take it and help me to the man I love."

He took the necklace, turning it idly about in his hands, then hungrily lifted his eyes to her face, as though inanimate beauty was a thing of no account in comparison. He took her arm again and thoughtfully led her around devious paths to a deep, sunken well, before which he paused, a curious smile upon his lips.

"It is the 'wishing well,'" he murmured, "the wishing well before which all who have looked into the crystal ball and seen that their heart most desires must kneel and make request. It is the legend; but, ah!"—He turned away to hide the swift contortion of jealousy and pain that suffused his face.

She knelt beside the well, almost fearful of the magic powers he ascribed to it.

"Oh, wishing well, let me put hold in my hands the honor of my sweet-heart that I may give it back to him! Let me but serve his happiness and I shall ask for nothing more. Do with me as you desire, but grant my only wish."

He touched her lightly upon the arm, and she rose obediently, her eyes glowing like jewels. Lightly he placed the ruby necklace about her neck.

"One look in your eyes," he said softly, his mellow voice breaking under the torment of what he knew to be a hopeless love, "is more beautiful, more rare, more precious to me than any jewel. Come!"

Slowly, silently, yet in perfect understanding, they moved back to the house.

CHAPTER XVII. A Girl With One Idea.

It was the following day that, leaning against the window grating of iron, she was astonished to find it bending before her. She looked more closely and was astonished to find that one bar had been cut cleanly through. She examined the remainder of the bars. They appeared absolutely untouched, but when she pulled harshly at them every one gave way. Ready made was her means of escape.

That night, fully dressed, she stood beside the window looking out over the moon splashed patio. A furtive figure detached itself from the shadows and crept toward her. Strangely enough it did not frighten her to recognize the butler.

She crouched in the opposite side of the room listening to the faint tinkle of snapping iron bars as the man detached the ends from their sockets. His head and shoulders appeared in the opening.

Breathlessly she watched his approach. There was nothing undecided about his movements. He was swift; he was certain; he was sure. Not a motion, not a step was wasted. He was almost over the bed when Lucille sprang from her hiding place behind the door.

Instantly he turned, his head darting from side to side like that of a giant reptile. He did not speak. Slowly his hands opened and closed, while a grin crossed his face, widened his mouth—a hideously inhuman grin. She tried to cry out, but her lips were frozen shut.

He had almost reached her side. With a gasp Lucille grasped a native vase that stood near and brought it down on his head with crushing force. As he sank to the floor with a moan there was a sound outside, and her mysterious friend, the lover who had promised his assistance, leaped lightly into the room. Reading his thoughts, yet hearing nothing, she moved toward the window and lifted her tiny foot as though to mount a horse. His hands cupped about it. She vaulted to the easement and in a second had scrambled through.

By her side stood the man. For a moment he waited, then urged her forward. She was free, free, free! Of course there were pickets to be passed, but she had made one providential escape tonight, why not another?

Out of sight of the building she paused and looked about her. How calm and peaceful and friendly appeared the night! The moon was full, the stars winked merrily at her, urging her on her way. The touch of a timid finger upon her arm brought her from her reveries.

"The horses wait, my lady."

Came a swift flashing of lights from the house they had left behind, a scurry of feet, the sound of voices, loud, shrill, insistent. The Mexican seized her arm fiercely and half dragged her from off the court to a clump of bushes, where two horses stood saddled and bridled. In a second she was in the saddle, the man beside her.

The clatter of hoofs rang out upon the silence. Looking back, she caught glimpses of dark figures silhouetted against the tropical vegetation in the patio. A spurt of fire lashed out at them like a living thing. The Mexican muttered a guttural oath and urged his horse to more speed. Lucille bent over her horse's head, bent low, for the whine of bullets was in the air about them.

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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

stroyer was not hit.

"The British battleship London, which followed the Renard into the straits drew most of the enemy's fire. The batteries on the Asiatic side, especially the howitzers behind Erekeul, were active, but those on the European side were quiet. Possibly the Turks had withdrawn part of their artillery on the European side in order to be able to mass it quickly at any special spot the allied armies may choose for a landing."

Russians Take 2,700 Men.

Petrograd, April 14.—The following communication from general headquarters was issued:

"On April 11 and 12 the battle in the Carpathians developed with great intensity from the direction of Bartfeld in the direction of Stry. Our corps advanced on both banks of the Ondava, south of Stropkov. They captured several heights to the northeast of Telepotch and gained a victory in the direction of Usok, where, after extremely desperate fighting, the heights in the regions of the villages of Bukovix, Benet and Vysokomsky fell into our hands."

"We captured in this section 2,700 prisoners, including 55 officers, and we took one gun and 20 machine guns."

BUILDING TRADE IS BOOMING

Plans for Future Construction All Over Country Show Gain Over Last Year.

Washington, April 14.—Insofar as the building trade reflects general business conditions, plans made in March for future construction the country over showed a betterment over the month a year before.

Returns from building inspectors in 21 eastern cities denoted a continuation of the improvement which began in January. Building operations in three months ending with March showed an increase of \$7,000,000 over that period in 1914.

The foregoing is typical of the prosperity news that comes to President Wilson and is given out at the White House in the daily business summary.

The earnings of the Panama Canal, the memorandum stated, were the largest in March of any month since it was opened. They exceeded by \$140,000 the previous record, made in January. March earnings were \$550,754. The receipts in January were \$415,097.

AUSTRIANS PUSHING RUSSIANS BACK

OFFENSIVE FIGHTING IN CARPATHIANS BROUGHT TO A STANDSTILL.

GERMANS RUSHED TO SCENE

British Warship Goes Up Dardanelles Ten Miles and Returns Safely—Russians Claim 2,700 Men Captured.

Vienna, April 13.—An official war office bulletin was issued here saying the Russian offensive in the Carpathians had been brought to a standstill and that counter attacks had broken the Russian line in several places.

Austrians Re-enforced.

London, April 14.—Two gateways into Hungary still remain barred, despite the tremendous hammering by the Russian forces, and as the Beekid Pass is the less important of the two strategically, a further advance into Hungary hangs upon the possession of Usok Pass, where the invaders are meeting with the most stubborn resistance.

Several days ago the Russians captured a position, which gave them command of a road leading to the rear of Usok Pass, but since then the Teutonic allies have checked the movement in this direction.

Warships Enter Straits.

London, April 14.—Reuter's Telegram correspondent says:

"The British torpedo boat destroyer Renard entered the Dardanelles on a scouting mission and ran up the straits at a high speed for more than ten miles, penetrating the waters probably farther than any of the British ships have yet done. A heavy fire was directed at her, but the de-



Brought It Down on His Head With Crushing Force.



Slowly They Wandered Through the Gardens.

subject nearest both their hearts. Suddenly the man seemed unable to stand the strain longer, and she touched his arm sympathetically, but he drew away with a little cry of near pain.

"Come with me to the crystal ball," he cried, "and see the vision that has haunted my eyes so long a time. Come with me to the crystal and see the face that has made me forget my vows; forget the one I love and fear; forget everything save the desire for life that I may lay down to bring a smile to it. Come with me, lady of my heart."

Before the tempestuousness of his voice Lucille followed his lead. Gone from her was every thought of immediate escape. She saw that the man could not be handled easily; that she could not escape from him any more than she could from the other minions of the spy without the use of craft, and yet she felt a curious sympathy for him, pain that she must harm him.

Before the great crystal ball that was set upon the flagging beside the patio fountain, beside which stood the monstrous, hoary, gray palm tree, he halted, staring through the silts of his mask into his clear depths. She trembled as she looked upon the flaming eyes so close to the reflection of her own face. Suddenly he tore the mask from him and tossed it to one side, closing his arm fiercely about her waist and drawing her soft cheek against his swarthy one. Together they stared into the ball, his eyes luminous with a wild love, hers moist with mingled sympathy and fear. Gently she disentangled his fingers, surprised at the numbness of them, the ease with which they responded to her will.

"You must go back," he murmured hoarsely. "I was mad to think of such a plan."

"I see a face," she murmured softly, her voice very low and far away. "I see a face and a scene that is different from the one you see. I see Manilla—home—loved ones—loved ones grieving for a girl they think is lost to them forever. I see a man, the handsomest, bravest, truest man in the world—the man I love. He is disgraced. He is heartbroken. He is giving up the sword he loved, the sword he swore to never leave in defense of his country's honor and the honor of a woman. He is giving up all that life holds dear to him, just as he has long since been bereft of all he cared to have from life—because I am imprisoned here."

"And I do not care for anything except his happiness. He is my whole world. I would sacrifice everything for him and for his honor." She turned

The Democrat.

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GERMAN BANK FOR BELGIUM

New Institution Will Advance Money and Credits on Regulation Bills.

Berlin, April 14.—Included in the items given out by the Overseas News Agency is the following:

"Gen. von Bissing, the German military governor of Belgium, has ordered the establishment of a credit bank which will advance money on the requisition bills given in payment for the large quantities of goods seized by the authorities. Payment in full has been delayed by unforeseen circumstances."

236 Reported to Be Killed.

Tokio, April 14.—A fatal accident in a coal mine near Shimomoseki has resulted in the loss of 236 lives.

Matron Ends Life.

Milwaukee, Wis., April 13.—Mrs. Eleanor Cramer, matron of the Children's County Home, hanged herself following testimony given at an investigation into conditions at the home. Charges of cruelty to the children led to the investigation.

Hyattsville, Md., April 13.—The body of the young woman found Saturday in a pond near Lakeside was identified as that of Miss Pauline Sullivan of Washington. Miss Sullivan disappeared last December.

The "G" in "Gnat."

"Spelling's a queer thing," said one boy. "What do they want with a 'g' in 'gnat'?" "It belongs there," replied the other. "It's what you say when one stings you. The only mistake is not putting an exclamation point after it."

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